

Disclaimer: To avoid a fate worse than death (JKR suing me mercilessly, I wouldn't be the first!), I tell you all now, it isn't mine aside from new plot developments, and even that is negotiable if someone asks me in advance.

A/N: This is going to be a short story, don't expect more than 4-5 chapters in sum depending on what I get accomplished in the words ahead. Just another post DH, non-epilogue compliant story for your reading consumption.

This first chapter is going to be a lot of telling, and not so much doing, so strap in and read carefully.

Two years, it didn't seem fair that two whole years had passed since the last time he visited his parent's graves with Hermione. So much that he had held incontrovertible and holy had been burned away in the fires of early adulthood since then.

After Tom Riddle's death, Harry's life could be most accurately compared to a boat adrift in the middle of a vast ocean. He could feel himself push through the motions of what everyone expected of him. He found himself returning to dating Ginny, and accepting a position in the auror academy to take his place as protector of the people. That was his title nowadays, he was the protector of the people, apparently the boy-who-lived hadn't been enough for the people of the wizarding world.

Then, it had happened.

He woke up one night his hair standing on end, a similar feeling to the one he would have in the presence of many dementors in the past. After fumbling for his glasses he noticed nothing amiss until he glanced over at the night stand and spotted two items he had thought he had disposed of weeks before, the elder wand and the resurrection stone. Needless to say he hadn't managed any more sleep for the rest of the night, as he reexamined everything about his life for the past year and a half in an entirely different way. The old Harry was weak, and content to be completely average, and the empowered Harry only saw his life through an unfiltered lens for the first time.

Any residual fondness he might have felt for Dumbledore had finally been stripped away, when he finally viewed what the old man had

done to him in the context of being the master of death. The old man had never truly cared about Harry, but he had cared about what Harry could do for him, and his narrow way of life. Dumbledore was a tolerant man, for being a wizard anyways, and that was something which no longer impressed Harry as it once had.

Suddenly, he wasn't quite so certain he wanted to be the defender of the common man of the wizarding world any more. He wasn't certain he could be happy being Harry Weasley in all but a name; of course he wouldn't break up with Ginny until he knew that for certain. He didn't know what thoughts were solely his, and what ones came as a result of being the newly awakened master of the deathly hallows.

In Godric's Hollow a 20 year old man closed his eyes and breathed in the cool December air serenely as he continued to play back the past two years in something akin to an abstracted summary of his thoughts and insights at the time played over the timeline of his life. Taking a deep breath he continued down the path that led him to where he was now.

The next morning after his new destiny had been revealed he had sent another letter to the ministry, apologizing in the same breath as retracting his acceptance of the spot in the auror academy. Another letter was sent to Hogwarts requesting readmittance for his seventh year of classes. Hermione had long ago bullied Ron to do the same, and Harry was at least reassured of that much at least after the revelations of the previous night.

The time at Hogwarts was reassuring because it separated him from the gloom of Grimmauld place (granted it was much better there with an agreeable Kreacher), and it also gave him more perspective on his ever evolving role in the world he lived.

His time with Ginny was somehow more enjoyable now than he would have ever guessed possible before the blinders had been removed. Without the pressure of knowing he would marry the girl sometime in the not-too-distant future, he enjoyed snogging and when he was lucky, groping, the attractive redhead and accepting it for what it truly was. A good time with an attractive girl, not a declaration of love to the girl he would be bound to in matrimony for the rest of his life. Ginny also could tell the marked change in Harry during these times, and while a part of her had always wanted to

marry Harry Potter, another part was relieved that their romance was no more serious than she thought it was.

Ron and Hermione however, they remained as prickly as ever about their feelings, officially they were together, but maturity didn't come to Ron as naturally as it was with Harry and he still quarreled with his bushy haired girlfriend relentlessly, much to Hermione's consternation.

Classes just weren't a challenge any more, especially after having stared down certain death for over year. Harry's true potential finally began to shine through, and while many would still view him as a serious young man in comparison to his parents, he was seen to smile a lot more than he had ever before, a fact which encouraged many in the wizarding world who still were concerned he would take the mantle of Voldemort now that the dark lord had been defeated.

The first term went by quietly; many in the wizarding world were still recovering from the horrifically bloody war with Voldemort. Slowly, newly elected Minister of Magic Kingsley Shacklebolt worked through the pureblood supremacists in the Ministry and cut out the power blocks in place that had allowed Purebloods to run the ministry in their inefficient and harmful ways. It was not terribly different from before, now instead of blaming muggleborns, it was the pureblood supremacists viewed with contempt.

For the first time in wizarding Britain, officials would be elected and voting would not be done by those whose allegiances were paid for by the most galleons. The Malfoy family was one such dynasty which was slowly dying. Lucius and Narcissa were both serving life sentences in Azkaban, as a plea bargain, Draco was spared prison but only in exchange for a hefty sum of the Malfoy fortune, and 30 years of probation.

The death eaters that had survived the Battle of Hogwarts were all summarily imprisoned, but only after a swift but just series of trials. The mistakes of Sirius Black would not be repeated again if Minister Shacklebolt had anything to say about it.

Christmas had served to be the tipping point for the relationships in their little world, with Ginny and Harry having as amicable of a break up as humanly possible, while Ron and Hermione imploded into a

storm of tears, and bluster. Something which Ron handled with his typical complete lack of tact and decorum.

With the event of the past year still fresh in his mind, Harry followed Hermione from the warmth of the Burrow to Australia, he simply refused to abandon the young woman in her time of need. Hermione's parents had been unhappy during the previous summer when Hermione had lifted the memory charm from them, but they had understood the necessity. The only real surprise came when they elected to stay in Australia, having fallen in love with the people and their new careers.

Harry enjoyed the time away from the ever constant bleakness of Britain, and he promised himself he would buy a house where the sun shone as much as it did in Australia during their summer.

Hogwarts seemed to be less of a home when Harry and Hermione returned for their last term at the school as students. Ron remained cold to Hermione, and Harry acting as a buffer was also caught up in his resentment.

It was also then when the elder wand began to speak to him, even when he didn't have the wand on him. It would whisper sweet nothings about claiming power, telling him that he was invincible as long as he controlled the wand. Having dealt with enough sleepless nights due to Voldemort, Harry quickly devised a means destroying the elder wand's hold forever.

As he walked into the Ministry of Magic he thanked Kingsley profusely in his mind as he was granted unfettered access to the Department of Mysteries in a one time exemption. Walking to the death room he briefly thought back on the last time he was in the room, and he felt great sadness on the loss of Sirius once again. Shaking it off he slowly walked towards the veil, the elder wand shrieked in his mind the entire time. As he threw the wand through the veil, the relentless screaming of the wand in his mind suddenly ceased. Of course, he figured he would feel suddenly much less powerful, but apparently he was still considered the master of death.

Gripping his Holly wand once again, Harry had felt a dark stain lifted from his entire being, he immediately knew that no matter what else happened he had made the right decision.

The remainder of his experiences at Hogwarts that term went rather quietly in comparison to his previous standards, the only real significant event occurring as he and Hermione had started their own, long predicted romance, in a suitably slow fashion. How they went from attending Ministry Ball's as friends, to dating is not a pertinent topic to the story however.

As emerald green eyes opened in the dark December night, Harry knew that his life had changed a great amount, and he also knew that it would continue to change in the near future. How Harry knew this however, is extremely pertinent to the story, you see Harry finally decided that he would follow in Tom Riddle's foot steps, it was time to put away the toys and begin to exert his will on others. The people of the wizarding world had grown far too complacent, and were already slowly falling into the old habits of before the war.

Closing his eyes again he likened the wizarding world to a great forest that had grown far and wide with no real checks on it. Magical humans by and large thought that their mere existence made them better than others; it was time to teach them something different. After all, how could the master of death do anything else, but attempt to master life soon after?

A/N: Ok, ok so what we have here is my attempt to show one potential path for Harry, if he hadn't been completely content to be completely average and boring as he was in canon. He has the power of a god being the master of death, and no I don't mean that strictly in a magical sense.

If you had the power of a god, would you just set back and let people continue to make the same mistakes? Now, with this little introductory chapter out to whet your appetites, I hope you review and give me your opinions as to the direction of this story. By the way, if it wasn't already extremely obvious, there won't be Weasley bashing here given by the mutual break up between Harry and Ginny, so if you want that, look elsewhere.

Harry won't be a dark lord here, but he will be the leader of men/women, so keep that in mind.

Ron's behavior is patently not bashing for those Ron apologists out there, bashing insinuates that he is acting out of character in a negative fashion. Hell this is completely canon, so please continue

to read and review. He already threw a fit when he abandoned Harry and Hermione in the tent, throwing a fit when Hermione breaks up with him, falls completely in line with that.

Disclaimer: It's not mine aside from a few plot devices; you-know-who owns it all.

A/N: Harry's quest for power begins in earnest here.

"I don't bloody care that the stupid bloody inbred pureblood bigots don't want to acknowledge the need for change. Arthur, that bill passes tomorrow or there will be hell to pay." Harry Potter pulled his head out of his Floo connection and shook his head, flecks of ash scattering into the air of his office, vanishing before they could land on his desk.

Harry still looked to be no more than 18 or 19 years old, even though he was soon to turn 24 and a major party leader in the Wizengamot. In the four years since he had made his fateful decision to spin the Wizarding world on its head, Harry had been convinced by Hermione that he should try a bloodless coup before pushing on with a bloodier plan.

Harry sighed as he glanced over at the picture of his wife, the picture was charmed to match Harry's mood. If he was in a good mood he saw a portrait of their slowly burgeoning family, his only child Liam was smiling back with his toothy infant's smile as Hermione smiled lovingly at him. When he was having a bad day, like today, the picture was a bit more risqué, with Hermione wearing his favorite bit of lingerie, doing a small dance for him.

A buzz from the interoffice intercom sounded and Harry pushed a button on his desk, "Yes, what can I help you with Daphne?"

Daphne Greengrass was perhaps the only pureblood happily serving a half-blood in the entire ministry. Her hours were reasonable and Harry always took good care of her, with a tidy extra bonus on her pay check when she did a particularly good job. Also, while she would never say it out loud, she wouldn't mind being a mistress, if only Hermione Potter gave the go ahead.

Speaking of Hermione Potter still rankled her somewhere deep in her pureblood sensibilities, but it was definitely muted with the necessary appreciation of Magical Britain's best spell crafter in over three hundred years. The fact that it was a muggleborn doing these things; well it still didn't sit well with the entrenched pureblood

elected officials, but Daphne could appreciate the witch even if she was somewhat envious for different reasons.

Daphne replied into the intercom, "The newest proposal from Mr. Zabini's office has just arrived Mr. Potter. I'm sending it to you via the Magifax."

Harry sighed as the document shimmered into existence on his tray for such documents, he was really growing tired of Blaise Zabini, and even Hermione wouldn't stop him from giving the pompous pureblood a proper fate when the time came.

It was another thing that had changed since he had officially become the Master of Death, but it had even been more prevalent since he rid himself of the elder wand. He had found himself in the darkness of being the Master of Death. He basically possessed the power of a god, without the paranoia that being the master of the wand brought with it. It certainly put Dumbledore's questionable decisions into a more favorable light.

While he would never forgive the manipulative old bastard, he could better understand the seductive lure such power could have for even the most wholesome of people. After all, absolute power corrupted absolutely and it was a struggle to avoid being corrupted in the wrong ways to meet his destiny.

Other witches and wizards were aware of Harry's awakened powers at a subconscious level, although the ones more steeped in death seemed to overlook it more than people like the Weasley family.

As he gazed over the minutiae of the new proposal from Zabini he split his attentions as he thought more about the Weasley family. All of the affection and love he held for the family was rapidly thinning as he put time between the actions of the past and the present. Ron had gone to the continent in the aftermath of the war, without Hermione there to tie him to Britain he had found work as something of a magical handy man, and if Arthur was to be believed, he had two kids from two different women taking most of his galleons.

Ginny was one of the best Chaser in the Professional Quidditch circuit, but the girl was still way too flirtatious for Hermione's liking, and Harry respected the distance she wanted kept between the two.

He figured it was only fair that Hermione be allowed her little foibles; because he certainly had his own she abided by.

Weasley's Wizard Wheezes never really got back off the ground after the war; the surviving twin instead opted to be a private contractor with the ministry. He was by far the most industrious Weasley, and was probably Magical Britain's wealthiest new Entrepreneurs as his inventions such as the Magifax slowly dragged the Ministry into the 20th century if nothing else.

Percy, Bill, and Charlie had moved beyond the smothering reaches of Molly Weasley after the war, although the entire remaining family still got together at least once a year for a reunion of sorts.

Snorting softly Harry crossed out a particularly loathsome line of the proposed bill, and he continued his brief walk down memory lane.

Molly, well that was perhaps the biggest change in Harry's view. He didn't know if the woman had always been so overbearing and meddlesome, but he couldn't discount the possibility when he replayed his memories of the woman before the war. It had finally escalated when his engagement to Hermione had been announced; the apparent kindly matron had cursed both his and Hermione's names quite viciously. Blaming them both for Ron's actions, and why Ginny still didn't have a steady boyfriend. The resulting explosion from both Harry and Hermione guaranteed that neither would be welcome at the Burrow any time soon, and likewise Molly Weasley was barred from stepping one foot onto any of their properties or offices in the ministry ever again.

While Arthur was perhaps more conservative than Harry would have liked, the man was honorable and a valuable ally to have in the ministry on more than one occasion.

Looking at the parchment Harry felt disgust creep into his expression, Zabini had altered the very essence of Harry's pet project, The Modernization Bill. It was a sweeping piece of legislation, which called for change on every front of Wizarding Britain.

It would bring the economy into the 21st century; the civil liberties of all magical beings would be taken into account on mostly equal

footing, and the matter of blood status would be put to sleep once and for all, making any discrimination due to blood status immediately a finable offense, and with repeated violations it would mean time in a ministry holding cell. Putting the trace on the word mudblood, would be the first obvious thing to take place, with reporting of any signs of discrimination a mandatory thing for every citizen.

Harry sighed as he snapped his fingers and the parchment flashed into ash before disappearing from the room. Standing from his seat Harry flicked his wrist and his holly wand slid into his hand, while he didn't exactly enjoy roughing up obstinate purebloods, it was slowly becoming necessary in order to keep the ball moving in the ministry.

Swiftly Harry walked out of his office, sparing a glance at Daphne he said, "I believe I need to confer with Mr. Zabini for a few moments Daphne. Hold any visitors and tell them I'll be back in 30 minutes."

Fortunately, the trip to Zabini's office was a short one, and Zabini's secretary was another old Hogwarts chum, Pansy Parkinson. Harry smiled at her as if she were a young child before he said, "I'm going to go have a quick chat with your boss, why don't you take a break and powder your nose or something."

Pansy narrowed her eyes, but with the aura of power Harry walked around with, she wisely decided to follow his advice as she grabbed her purse and walked down the hallway.

Harry opened the door to Zabini's office with a negligent wave of his hand, smirking at the terrified look on Zabini's face. After walking into the room he flicked his wand erecting silencing and proximity wards. It was always better to catch them with their pants down; it gave him the early advantage in his brand of negotiation.

Blaise Zabini was the young rising star or the pureblood block of voters in the Wizengamot, to date he had suffered through several debates over ideology with Potter, but it had never turned violent. Unfortunately, the newest bill Potter wanted to pass asked for entirely too much change, and he as the de facto spokesman for the purebloods was the one forced to draft up alterations to the original bill.

Blaise sighed as he finished reading a message from the real power in his little pureblood faction within the Wizengamot. Shaking his head he swiveled in his chair, thinking about the high risk game he was playing at the moment. It certainly wasn't the most cunning plan he had ever been attached to, and poking a stick at Potter didn't imbue him with confidence either. He looked out of the enchanted window; the room was enchanted to be overlooking a vast meadow in the latter part of spring.

As he swiveled back to look at some of his other pressing paperwork, he felt something clench in his gut when who could be sitting in a chair in front of his desk, but Harry bloody Potter.

"Hello Potter, to what do I owe, the pleasure?" Blaise drawled in his best pureblood tones.

Harry's face was a completely blank mask as he softly asked, "What do I have to do to show you inbred idiots that I am not playing a game?"

Blaise's own carefully placed mask faltered at this and his voice became somewhat shrill as he asked, "What do you mean?"

Harry's answering smile was completely bereft of any warmth, as he slowly leaned forward he said, "I'm not opposed to culling the herd."

Blaise's eyes goggled at the response and he sputtered, "You're a bloody golden boy, you don't have the minerals."

Harry merely smirked, and he negligently closed his hand, in the process Zabini's left eye exploded in a mass of blood and gore.

Zabini screamed pathetically as he held his hand over his now empty eye socket, "Give me the bill, I'll sign it on behalf of my faction, just don't...."

Harry leaned back into his chair, a satisfied and placid smile back on his face, "Now this is the kind of politics I like." Reaching into his long coat Harry sat the original copy of the bill down on the table.

Zabini signed the bill at the proper spot and then regained a little of his bluster, "I'll have the aurors on you for this Potter."

Harry took the signed bill and slid it back into the breast pocket of his jacket before slowly rising to his feet. As he reached the door and opened it he turned back to Zabini and merely smiled.

As the door closed Blaise Zabini stumbled over to his interoffice Floo and he muttered the emergency override, which gave him access to the Floo network at large. He gave a fleeting thought to actually reporting Potter's transgression to the DMLE before he remembered Potter's smile as he left the office.

Regaining a bit of his Slytherin wits he silently vowed to himself to stay out of Potter's way in every way possible. He had been unlucky enough to meet the Dark Lord before the end of the war, and while Potter's eyes held all of the power that the Dark Lord's had, they held none of the madness. Potter acted exactly as he did, knowing that Blaise wouldn't report him, and that was how Blaise Zabini would play it. Those weren't the actions of insanity, just the actions of unadulterated power.

Pinching a bit of Floo powder he muttered, "St. Mungo's emergency room." The only real image on his mind was Potter's smile and what it would mean for the Wizarding world. As the pureblood shivered involuntarily, he told himself he would look for the next possible portkey to his mother's villa in Italy. Some things just weren't worth fighting for.

A/N: There you go chapter 2, and this was your template for how dark Harry will go throughout the rest of the story. Why kill your enemies, when you can drive them away in terror, to spread tales of your power?

That was a subtlety that Voldemort seemed to only understand in passing.

Please take the time to review and tell me what you thought on your way out.

Disclaimer: It's JKR's not mine, although I would think that was obvious already just by the premise of the story.

A/N: Many of you have mentioned the slippery slope Harry was on last chapter; maybe this Epilogue will clarify things for you all.

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Potter Turns Down Nomination for Minister

In a shocking twist, Supreme Mugwump and Chief Warlock Harry Potter has refused a nomination to take the most prestigious office the Ministry of Magic has to offer. It has become common belief during the successful implementation of Potter's equality bill that he would next move on to the office of the minister due to his extraordinarily high approval rates.

This intrepid reporter had the rare chance to get Potter's quote on the issue and the following is what he said, "I've never been interested in having the office of Minister. Instead I prefer to stay in the Wizengamot and help draft policy that will bring this country into the 20th century, and I want this for all of the magical races not just witches and wizards. The stain of pureblood bigotry has no place in a civilized nation like ours, and we need watchmen like myself and former minister Kingsley Shacklebolt to prevent some of these unsavory types from sneaking back into positions of power. For those of you out there who wish to abuse others, I tell you just one thing, I'm watching you."

Powerful words indeed from the wizard many believe to be the most magically powerful man alive, and this reporter confesses to being afraid over the course of the brief interview. Not afraid of Mr. Potter, but rather his ability to follow through on his promises if he is pushed too far.

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Harry sighed at the breakfast table as he read the article, even though not much would come of it he still would have to put up with teasing from some of the department heads he was friendly with back at the ministry. Now that he was both Supreme Mugwump and Chief Warlock as Dumbledore before him, he found that to do a

good job he was spending much more time on the jobs than Dumbledore ever had.

He was molding the future of the magical world, and while many were aware of it, no one was willing to act against him. He hadn't been proud of the actions he had undertaken to reach this point, but they had fallen into the nebulous cloud of the greater good. The goblins were actually modernizing their banking law, and due to the opening of non-goblin run banks as competition the interest rates on magical loans were the lowest they had ever been, leading to a boom in the economy of the wizarding world never seen before.

Many of the secrets of magic lost on the world of witches and wizards were slowly becoming unraveled thanks to the help that non-human magical species were willingly offering in the spirit of true magical cooperation. It was amazing what the actions of one man could do to improve the world for all peace loving people.

Harry knew that the mere existence of these changes were payment enough, but instead of being content to change the world he found more happiness in the dull monotony of eating breakfast with his again pregnant wife and his toddler son, than he ever did changing the world for the better, regardless of what they wanted.

Hermione finished cutting up little Liam Potter's eggs before she turned to her husband and asked, "What kind of news is there in the paper?"

Harry merely smiled, "Just some threats and other boring rubbish sweetheart. It is hard being me after all."

Hermione's hand traced the small bulge in her stomach that would eventually be her daughter before she answered, "Yes terribly hard having the power to change the world after all, isn't it?"

Harry sipped his glass of juice for a long moment before he replied, "Changing the world wasn't so hard, but not losing myself in the process was the tricky part."

Hermione smiled wisely, "You know that even if you had lost yourself I would have found you and put you right. I've never let something trivial like god like power to sway me before, and I wouldn't have let it happen then either."

Harry nodded and slowly stood walking over to his son and kneeling on the floor as he watched the three year old eat about half of the food that was on his plate while the other half ended up elsewhere.

Harry smiled at his son as little Liam gazed back at his father with eyes of innocence, "My goals changed when this little man came along, I had the power before and when Liam James came along, I knew I had to use it instead of hide it."

Hermione rolled her eyes but smiled at her husband's sap, "So now that you have everything you ever wanted what's next for Harry Potter?"

Harry merely smiled, "I might be the master of death, but I think I'd like to concentrate on life for awhile. Making love to my sex crazed genius wife, spoiling my son and daughter, and anything else I can think of to fill the hours. It's going to be a rough life."

Hermione simply replied, "I shudder to think what the world would be like if you men had to give birth. Then you might know what its like to live a rough life."

Harry nodded slowly, it was always better to let Hermione have her way when she was hormonal and pregnant he had found. True, surviving a pregnancy with the smartest witch alive had its drawbacks, but if she killed him he would just come back, being the Master of Death did have its perks, after all.

A/N: There you go, a bit of fluff to offset the darkness of the previous chapters. It wasn't my intention to make Harry an incumbent dark lord the previous chapter, merely a man who was willing to break some eggs to make his own version of an omelet. The real effect of being the Master of Death on Harry beyond the obvious of his powers was more apparent this chapter.

I really wanted to set out and create a Harry that had none of the primary weaknesses of his canon counterpart, and his best strengths. Harry had been offered power beyond his 11 year old reckoning when he battled Voldemort over the Philosopher's stone,

so I tend to think he is beyond the corruption that Rowling sort of hinted at during times in DH.

Being able to use power and not be afraid that it would corrupt him, would have liberated Harry in a way Rowling never wanted to do. I highly doubt Rowling wanted to liberate any of her characters; she was far too fond in keeping them confined in the misery of their own existences in the series.

As to the rest of this short story, I'll leave it to your imaginations what happened to everyone else, thanks for reading and thanks for the reviews.